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TYPICAL AMERICANS

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BY

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PAST COMMANDER

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Typical Americans

Two Colossal Figures in our Nation's Masterful Epochs, each an Apotheosis of the Average Man ✍ The Twentieth Century's Average American the Flower of Christian Civilization ✍ ✍ ✍ ✍ ✍

To develop a high average in man is the noblest work of civilization.

The advancement of a race is only real when it reaches all social strata, pervading the classes and the masses, steadily elevating, energizing, fructifying the entire population.

The capacity of a people to evolve constantly improving types of humanity is the final test of greatness. That nation will win supremacy which has the most highly developed average man and makes of him an inspiring citizen. The average man has not, until recently, been a factor in the world; nowhere to-day is he so important a factor as in our own proud and happy land. He has ceased to make an obtuse angle of himself before rank and privilege; he has begun to inhale fresh ozone of the brand that stiffens spines; he has learned that the constitution always follows the flag sooner or later—and he believes in both.

Clasped in the embrace of shining centuries that gave model and masterpiece of art, poetry, philosophy, laws and eloquence, lie the annals of queenly Athens and exultant Rome. But viewed from our long focal distance how provincial, how isolated, how evanescent. The "higher classes" were luxurious, but the common people had fewer comforts than the beasts that perish. Freedom and civilization starved because they thrust

no rootlets into the popular intellect. Even the tidings of those glories and achievements scarcely reached beyond the walls of cities which girt the Mediterranean like a constellation.

That progress only is genuine which reaches and illumines mankind in general—the average man. Civilizations of the past, rich as they were in specific features, were local; their blessings touched only the smallest circles. Two hundred years elapsed before the common people of Europe knew that America had been discovered. Knowledge lay in a state of arrested incubation. Ages rolled on, while simple inventions slowly broke their way through crusts of ignorance to the hand and home of the toiler.

All this is changed. While kings have shriveled and potentates have shrunken mankind has expanded. Some things are wrong and rotten still, for civilization, like beauty, is often only paint-deep. But the average man in physical and intellectual vigor, in culture and character has throughout Christendom been wondrously exalted.

Our people enjoy their full allotment of this exaltation. Elsewhere development and aspiration are militant, here they are triumphant—permeated with patriotic impulse, and dominated by an optimistic Americanism. This impulse has extended our sphere of influence until it reaches from Ursa Major to the plane of the ecliptic; it has made aurora borealis a familiar domestic product and narrowed the Pacific Ocean into an American Lake.

The average American is the highest type the world now holds or ever has seen. So long as we maintain this pre-eminence we can trust ourselves to lead in the march of history.

A sublime faith in our country and our countrymen has directed the policies of the last three memorable years. It guided and inspired our voiceless comrade, companion and friend, the ideal American statesman,

the pride of our commonwealth, a pillar of the nation, of whose wondrous deeds we can now only speak from the depths of a bleeding affection. His every heart-beat throbbed with this courageous confidence. It led his unfaltering steps up the imperial heights of destiny as the shepherds of old were led by the radiance of Bethlehem's beckoning star.

A crowning beneficence of our position, the unerring prophecy of a hopeful future, is the significant fact that from the ranks of our average men, from the mass of our intelligent citizenship, every crisis calls forth leaders equal to the heaviest demand,—built up by the moulding hand of free institutions, stalwart and heroic, formed for the supreme emergency. We have discarded the pauper-made pedigrees of Europe. From the homes of the people, from conditions even less favorable than the lot of the average men of their time, have sprung the consummate figures of our nation's annals, our two transcendent typical Americans.

The luminous career of one spanned all the decades of the eighteenth century—the other's splendid deeds have made the nineteenth century memorable, and the day we here celebrate sacred to patriotism forever. Each was an august embodiment of the Republic; into every thread of its fabric their lives are woven, on every flutter of its flag their genius shines.

Our colonial and revolutionary eras, with the formative years of the federal government glisten with illustrious names all more than worthy the deathless fame so grandly won. But it is not on the story of Adams or Hamilton or Jefferson or Pickering or Madison or Jay or Putnam we will dwell to-night. Nor even, on that of immortal Washington, of whom our speech can be clothed only in garments of profoundest reverence—unsullied be his renown on the tongues of men and angels until time shall be no more!

Above any or all of these in wealth of intellect,

versatility of attainment and achievement, effective civic service, was the statesman, diplomat, inventor, philosopher, patriot, printer, the original Yankee, the first Typical American, Benjamin Franklin.

Washington, soldier and hero, the wealthiest citizen of the colonies, aristocratic and justly proud, a Virginian of the third generation, while American in patriotic impulse, remained to the last in habit, tastes and texture an unmistakable Englishman. Franklin, cradled in penury, the son of an immigrant, was in every throb and fiber and tissue an unadulterated American.

Born at Boston in 1706, Franklin at the age of Twelve had fortunately escaped the vocation of holy orders chosen by his parents, where he would have been a misfit of saddest ray serene; had finished his brief experience at school; had served two years with his father as a candle maker and was finally apprenticed to the trade and mystery of printing.

Franklin at Eighteen had become prematurely a journeyman in his craft; had secured employment in Philadelphia, and misled by a scheming patron made a fruitless voyage to London, which however, paved the way to future service abroad, of incomparable value to his country and mankind.

Franklin at Twenty-three, having spent two years in London, was established in Philadelphia as an editor and publisher, launched upon a career of activity and civic usefulness, which had it never extended beyond the city's boundaries would have commanded lasting remembrance.

Franklin at Thirty-five was author, inventor, scientist, militia officer, philosopher, founder of academies and libraries, public-spirited champion of all rational enterprises for the general good. He was in spite of all thrifty and acquisitive, a successful business man, not one of the class wherein vanity is a unit prefixed to the ciphers of ignorance. He worked and taught; a

whole curriculum of natural philosophy stands embodied in his inventions; an epitome of political economy lies embedded in his proverbs.

Franklin at Forty-six was Postmaster General of the colonies, having during fifteen years' previous experience as Postmaster of the city made Philadelphia the center of the infant colonial system. In this eminently practical position his creative faculty found full employment and he laid the foundation for that marvelously efficient service which has grown to be the greatest business enterprise in the world, governmental or corporate, with total financial transactions for the current year of seven hundred and fifty million dollars.

At Forty-eight he was the leading spirit in a convention of the colonies at Albany where he submitted the plan for a federal union; it was premature and failed of acceptance, but was the first suggestion toward united effort and the germ of the confederation. At Forty-nine he was Quartermaster General of Braddock's army; at his own expense, not reimbursed for many years, he supplied the transportation for that ill-fated expedition.

At Fifty-one Franklin was sent to England to represent Pennsylvania before the Privy Council, where he remained eighteen years. Other colonies joined in the commission until he became practically the ambassador of America to the court and parliament and people of Great Britian.

At Sixty, while serving in this capacity he wrought one of his numerous miracles of useful achievement. He stood before the House of Commons, sitting in Committee of the Whole, to show cause why the Stamp Act should be repealed. A series of one hundred seventy-four prepared interrogatories were propounded in rapid succession and to each he made complete answer, without hesitation or evasion. They were cunningly devised to entrap him, but his frank, intelli-

gent replies confounded his opponents and secured the repeal. His collected answers formed a text book of the claims and hopes of his countrymen, were translated into all European languages and made possible that sympathy which bore tangible fruit during the revolution.

Franklin at Seventy returned to America arriving May 5, 1775, just as the war began. He had earned repose, but there was none for him, while manifest destiny was casting a varied assortment of admiring glances in his direction. During the next sixteen months he performed with skill and credit the duties of the following high official positions, most of them held simultaneously and continuously:

1. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly and chairman of the committee of safety—virtually Governor of the Colony.

2. He was President of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention.

3. He was a member of the Continental Congress, which, it will be remembered, exercised through its committees, all executive functions of the provisional government.

4. He was chairman of the committee on military supplies,—virtually Secretary of War.

5. He was chairman of the committee on correspondence and treaties with foreign nations,—virtually Secretary of State.

6. He was head of the Postal Establishment, with the responsibility for its reorganization and extension —actually Postmaster General.

7. He was head of the Department of Indian Affairs, with its innumerable complications and perplexities—practically Secretary of the Interior.

8. He was chairman of a commission which visited Washington's disintegrating militia force at Cambridge, and devised plans for its organization and maintenance as a continental army.

9. He was chairman of a commission which visited Canada hoping to secure co-operation, but failed to find the combination to that true and tried safety vault for the storage of ancient traditions.

10. He was chairman of a commission which visited Lord Howe at New York City, to consider propositions for peace.

11. He was a member of the committee which drafted the Declaration of Independence, all the leading features of which bear the impress of his commanding endowments.

12. He was a ready debator of all critical questions under discussion and a voluminous writer for the press.

In the radiant chronicles of antiquity where can be read the record of such unwearied effort on so broad and high a plane of usefulness? What old man industrious ever gave such busy months of tireless devotion to his country? What eminent American, young or old, past or present, living or dead, has more conclusive title to our ceaseless gratitude?

Franklin at Seventy-two sailed for France where he spent five laborious years negotiating treaties and placing loans which brought thousands of soldiers and millions of dollars to the aid of our ragged, retreating, starving patriots. Was ever such diplomatic marvel accomplished among the children of men as that which brought jewelled and cultured Europe into alliance with the home-spun insurgents of uncouth America? Without that aid the struggle must have ended in rank and wretched failure.

Franklin at Seventy-seven negotiated with Great Britain the treaty of peace and in the liberality of its terms gained another signal diplomatic triumph. Grandly had he earned the tribute framed in classic Latin: "He wrested thunderbolts from Jove and the scepter from tyrants."

Franklin at Seventy-nine returned to his native

land, and entered upon three years of labor as Governor of Pennsylvania. He never marched as drum major in a parade of his own exploits, but he toiled untiringly, incessantly, successfully.

Franklin at Eighty-one was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States and gave to that great service the ripe fruitage of his meditation and experience. With many of his colleagues their share in formulating this peerless instrument was a sole, sufficient title to distinction; to him, full of years, of honors and of beneficient works it was but a culminating claim to the gratitude of futurity.

He died at the age of Eighty-four, having furnished the first striking example of the possibilities which lie in an unshackled equality of opportunity. His phenomenal life-work is not yet appreciated, as compared with shoals of lesser men who have been elaborately bulletin-boarded. Outside of Philadelphia I have seen but two public memorials in his honor, a statue in New York and another in Washington, both paid for by printers. And some insipid descendants of intrepid sires, with brain tissues hovering unclassified between mollusk and protoplasm, question the right of his posterity to membership in the Daughters of the Revolution!

Benjamin Franklin was the splendid Typical American of the eighteenth century, conspicuous in a masterful epoch which curtained the armament of history with imperial splendors. Had this nation produced none worthy to stand beside him, he alone would have superbly vindicated the type and its potentialities. But the nineteenth century came, bringing new vicissitudes, environments, requirements. The nineteenth century brought its own crisis and it likewise brought a man for the crisis—Abraham Lincoln.

He was the second distinctive, colossal, Typical American. Genius is common sense intensified; a Typ-

ical American is an average man expanded and crystallized. As to some features of character and career Franklin and Lincoln were strikingly similar, yet the differences were marked and decisive. Each was a superlative among his fellows, an apotheosis of the average man. Each was a born child of the people, raised by self culture to a stature unsurpassed among mortals. Each was a man of the people without a trace of demagoguery. Each was framed for his high calling by the imperious mandate of nature and surroundings; both were in every trait and tendency and texture unquestionably American. Their endowments were essentially practical and real, but with finest backgrounds of the ideal and full equipment for exalted trust. That they were recognized and trusted and exalted is a crowning vindication of Republicanism.

Abraham Lincoln was born in the State of Kentucky in 1809, less than twenty years after Franklin died. He was of obscure ancestry and was cradled amid the rudest rusticities of life on a raw frontier. The sum total of his attendance at school was less than twelve months. Much of his childhood was spent in a cabin of logs, with no floor or door or window, without a stove or furniture or utensil more elaborate than a kettle, a skillet and a bench.

Lincoln as a Youth, untrained in polite society, clad in coarsest, most meagre garments, tow trousers fifteen inches too short, coon skin cap, bare feet, face browned from exposure and hand calloused with toil, was an unpromising boulder out of which to carve the conventional hero. But strength of body and mind dwelt in him, which among his compeers brought a primacy, grateful, perhaps, as his later honors. He was first in all athletic games; he was leader in race and wrestle; more than all he owned half a dozen books, read them with avidity, absorbed them completely and built his mental structure around them. Reading Aesop's Fables by the light from a fire place

was his recreation, his theater, opera, and lecture rolled into one. He grew to be a backwoods prodigy in knowledge as in feats of strength and agility.

Lincoln as a Farmer, a Boatman and a Clerk brought his early manhood into relation with varied elements of useful activity. His faculties were quickened, his horizon was widened, his experiences were multiplied and practical information was garnered for later years. At New Orleans he saw the cruelties of human slavery and where the atmosphere was filled with the suffocating fumes of its apologists, he registered a holy vow to smite it always and smite it hard.

Lincoln as a Soldier served one short eventless campaign in the Blackhawk war of 1831, stimulating his appreciation of discipline and strengthening, as captain of a company of fellow townsmen, his attributes of leadership.

Lincoln the Legislator helped to frame the codes he was destined so ably to expound, and contributed to the earliest development of resources which have since made his adopted State, imperial Illinois, the third commonwealth of the Union. He did not serve at a period when the railroad magnate feels obliged to own and operate two or more State Legislatures as a feature of his system, but in that day of relatively small things he made a creditable record.

Lincoln the Lawyer was noted for his adherence to highest conceptions of the dignity of his chosen profession. He held it to be the duty of the bar to aid the court in administering justice. Lucid argument, even grace of diction and oratory were his instruments in presenting the law and facts of each case for the better information of judge and jury. His logical power, merciless as the erosion of a glacier, was never consciously used to mislead the one; his gifts of impassioned eloquenece were not employed to befog or deceive the other. He never sought to beguile men

into the treatment of an incurable disease with an infallible remedy. He rose to merited eminence in regular practice before courts presided over by the ablest jurists. He established a reputation for capacity, probity, and learning, upon which rests no stain of unfaithfulness to clients or treachery to truth.

Lincoln the Patriot nursed in the growth of anti-slavery agitation; aroused by its appeals; tossed in its storms and fired by the lightnings of its rage, became an active champion of the nation's awakening conscience, voiced in a swelling clamor for free press, free speech, free soil, free men. A new evangel came to stir men's souls; he was its early apostle; he finally became its prophet, seer and sage, its martyr and its canonized hero. As has been truly said, he combined the faith of Abraham, the leadership of Moses, the courage of Leonidas, the mental vigor of Paul, the integrity of Cromwell and the patriotism of Washington. That patriotism was more than a sentiment —it was an animating, overmastering spiritual possession. From him and his co-laborers it flowed out into the souls of their countrymen until the mighty North was leavened with their spirit and inspired by their zeal.

Lincoln the Leader, was evolved by natural selection. From inconspicuous beginnings he steadily grew to be the acclaimed tribune of the people. By the force of his ability and character he embodied all the conditions around him, until he became an incarnation of their loftiest aims. Rugged and massive he was, surely not fair and smooth to look upon, yet with an imposing personality as the future will idealize him. His trivalties of speech masked profundity of thought and inflexible decision. Rugged, massive and imposing he was, but not inert. There were internal fires to fuse this ruggedness; there was an expansive soul that elevated this massiveness and made it majestic. His leadership was not of the larynx and lungs variety,

ever ready to clothe itself in asbestos and umpire the conflagration of a planet; it was neither rant nor malevolence nor incendiarism. It was conservatism personified, steadiness energized, determination sublimated.

Lincoln the Orator displayed intellectual gifts of the highest range. His collected addresses and State papers form a classic which has no superior in our prolific language. They are the clear flowing utterances of an affluent mind, warmed by the sanctifying impulse of profound conviction. The inimitable words at Gettysburg have given to that hallowed ground increased sanctity as a shrine of pilgrimage for Earth's rejoicing children.

Lincoln the President, central figure of Time's most awful tragedy, stepped forth with modest manliness, solemly assumed his burden and bore it royally, yet meekly until he died. Confronted with perils and problems unprecedented, he stood on the shifting quicksands of a disintegrating government, a rustic politician out of the West, with no clientage even among his party associates. He was compassed about with perplexities innumerable. His cabinet was strange and discordant, its members distrustful of him and of each other; the treasury was empty and the public credit paralyzed. Foreign nations were openly hostile; domestic traitors infested every executive department, polluted the courts and distracted congress. He rose to the tremendous responsibility. He was tactful and discreet; always growing; always moving with a self-sufficing self-reliance that is modesty enthroned. He met every emergency as it came and controlled it. He guided diplomacy, finance, and internal policies. Friends abandoned him; political conspirators plotted his overthrow, but he was firm, patient, consistent, neither speaking thoughtlessly nor acting with rashness. In every branch of statesmanship he was easily master of his colleagues and the

occasion. He piloted the ark of man's last hope through all menacing breakers until it anchored safely in the haven of deliverance.

Lincoln the Commander, unversed in military lore, speedily disclosed instincts of generalship and genius for command. War environed him with swift, remorseless fury; his communications were cut off and his capital beleaguered; forts and shipyards had been treacherously surrendered; arms had been stolen and vessels scattered; trusted officers of the army and navy forswore their allegiance and deserted to the foe. From the mines and forests navies were created; from the farms and schools and workshops, enormous armies were drawn. Leaders were evolved, campaigns were planned, battles were fought and unsurpassed victories won. The soldiers of the Union, under his unrelaxing guidance, captured forts and armies, seaports and citadels and capitals, senates and cabinets and presidents; they conquered States, crushed rebellion and built around the rescued nation an impregnable rampart of freedom.

Lincoln the Emancipator, appeals most vividly to the imaginations of men. Slavery's doom had been rung on the celestial chimes and written on the aroused conscience as well as on the quickened intelligence of mankind. It was repugnant to all the attributes of our advancing civilization. A generation had grown up to which its atrocities were intolerable. Orator and statesman; novelist and poet; morality and Christianity; invention and advancement—each declaimed against it with resistless strength. All influences spoke with Lincoln's voice and struck with his resolute arm. He seemed slow as he led public opinion while marching abreast with it but he struck hard. In August, 1862, a zealous war-governor telegraphed: "Hurl the thunderbolt of Emancipation and Illinois will again leap like a flaming giant into the fight." The characteristic reply was flashed back: "Richard, possess thou thy soul in patience; stand by and see

the salvation of the Lord." One month later the thunderbolt was hurled. Loyal Illinois had meanwhile sent seventy new regiments to the front; a great battle had been gained; the time was ripe and Lincoln was ready.

Lincoln the Devout, was the self-confessed instrument of an irresistible, over-ruling power. His religion was neither that of noisy pretence, ever audible to the naked ear, nor of pure formalism, mere pomp and circumstance, signifying nothing. It was a sober, indwelling faith; a silent, introspective veneration. In his countenance the gloom of nature, the hardship of early struggles, the agony of unuttered sorrows and remorseless pressure of official care, had chiseled their pathetic furrows. But through them gleamed the light of a dimless sincerity. He was supremely honest. Honesty is the best policy when the amount involved is small—but it is the best principle always and everywhere. Lincoln was honest from principle. He was the "honest old Abe" of admiring contemporaries; his was the inarticulate religion of a reverent, contrite soul.

Lincoln the Martyr, walked in the path which duty had marked for his weary, aching steps, until, from under the assassin's hand, his labor done, his honors gained, God called and crowned him. He had a recompense in bringing to his country more perfect liberty and brighter human hopes. Then his blood mingled with that of scores of thousands of nameless youthful victims to form the priceless libation in which the finger of the Almighty baptized mankind to a new birth of freedom immaculate and imperishable

Oh! Lincoln of to-day, illustrious, immortal! How superbly he looms, as with long arms folded in statuesque dignity, he calmly fronts the scrutiny of the ages. He is the world's invincible prophecy of optimism, lifted already far above kings and conquerers of all the past, to matchless eminence and unrivaled splendor.

And Lincoln of the better days to come! He will stand as the embodiment of his time, his transfigured character, like a shining sphere of crystal, embosoming the heart and kernel of the cause he typified. And with him the disciples of that sacred cause, the heroic living and the sainted dead, admonish us to assume their task and complete their triumphs. Lincoln will sweep and swing through the chronicles of futurity, and into his grandeur will at last be merged all the service and sacrifice that contributed to make his era conspicuous. He wrought mightily. he toiled terribly, but he was grandly and loyally upheld. Long and lustrous is the battle-roll of those who smote and stood and held the hope of unborn millions amid the tempests of a thousand flaming fields. From highest to lowest they were soldiers of the flag—one in object and one in glory. The legacy of their deeds is the priceless possession of America's successive generations. Let it suffice that all the blood and tears and prayers of the bitter contest are fused in Heaven's alembic into one imperishable chrysolite, and fixed in the zenith of the Republic's deathless diadem.

If there be any who question the sacredness of Lincoln's cause or the completeness of its victory, the survivors of that struggle may confidently appeal to the impartial verdict of the time to come. Our comrades did not die in vain. All of value that the twentieth century inherits is the purchase of their blood; the Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion are custodians of their stainless memory. An enlightened patriotism in the South already rejoices that its mistaken endeavor was Divinely thwarted. Shoulder to shoulder, in a later war, our sons marched with the sons of Confederates under the flag we mercifully saved for them, and fought for the land we made worth defending. Side by side their descendants and ours will stand, as they work out the mysteries of an unfolding future and contribute to the grandeur of an evolving destiny.

Wider visions of demand and opportunity are opening before us which will bring new vicissitudes and emergencies. From their broadening fields of action the predestined leader will be called, and again will be vindicated the dignity and divinity of the average man. The average American of the twentieth century will be the consummate flower of Christian civilization. His control of new and complicated physical forces, yielding a vast increment of facilities for production and distribution, suggest necessary augmentations of his outlook and aggrandizement of his enterprise.

True conservatism is deeply rooted in the eternal verities. But there is a false conservatism, sorely addicted to the dry-rot habit, which believes headache is caused by a fermentation of new ideas in the brain. This conversatism, ultra-refined and over-comfortable, goes into retreat, rout and preposterous panic when it is proposed to blaze a pathway into unexplored domains, or even to walk bravely in the footsteps of the mighty dead. The twentieth century American will discard the pessimism that legislates for an open season of misery twelve months in the year, demands a plebiscite of Malays and splits hairs over the consent of the governed. He will ignore the preachers and breeders of calamity who rejoice with retroactive glee in multiplications of woe and are happy only when their fellow mortals are submerged in overwhelming billows of disaster and despair.

There is abundant ground for faith in a permanent and sovereign force running through all the processes of our national growth that will meet the exigencies of coming years. The optimism of Franklin, the sad stern hopefulness of Lincoln enfolded this faith as a perpetual benediction. That force will go on, age after age, building statlier mansions, far beyond our past vision and present thought. It will fashion for the average American type men and women nobler than the world has ever seen, moulding and blending

from all sections a cultivated, homogeneous race; rich, inventive, productive, materialistic beyond the dream of prophet or hope of sage, yet endowed with conscience, morals and spiritual attributes which are the only pledge against decay.

That optimism which believes in one's country right or wrong, with the determination that if right it shall be kept right, and if wrong it shall be made right, is the faith in which Franklin and Lincoln wrought, to which we, their legatees, must be dedicated.

Into what a vast amphitheatre for the exercise of all his powers has the twentieth century American been placed by recent world-embracing events—how miraculously the sphere has been broadened wherein his activities and aspirations may be strenously exerted. There are in current tendencies, at home and abroad, ample incentives for the enlargment of every human energy. Since Lincoln died civilized nations have manifested irresistable movements toward a concentration of governmental power in the interest of personal liberty. Areas have expanded and governments have grown stronger but the people are everywhere more free. To-day there are visible movements toward a concentration of the resources of capital for the devolopment of industry, the extension of commerce and the advancement of individual prosperity. Pessimism saw no good in the one tendency and sees only evil in the other, but the destiny-thwarter, though voiced like the letting go of air brakes, has small success against the inevitable. Oppressions and distress accompany such processes; curbs and restraints must be devised, and new powers invoked to meet unprecedented emergencies; but if benefit does not finally result, all teachings of history are false and maxims of philosophy delusive.

We can hazard no detailed predictions; we can pass no judgment; conditions are not ready for intelligent measurement. The kaleidoscope of events shifts with

strange and awful suddeness; we cannot forecast policies even for the day after to-morrow. We can rely on the ingrained, salutary conservatism of our progressive people to prevent too rapid advancement, for all the tendencies of our progress are beneficent, and God over all reigneth forever. The very life and essence of that beneficent progress have saturated our entire organism; we will advance with safety toward the goal of prosperity and happiness for three hundred millions of twentieth century Americans.

Who will be the Typical American of the twentieth century? We cannot tell. We only know that he will not spring from the emasculated and invertebrate classes, cultured beyond the limitations of their intellect and ashamed of the country where they condescended to be born. And this we steadfastly believe—that the examples of Franklin and Lincoln are not lost, nor has the power of reproducing their like from the ranks of its plain average citizenship, perished in the land they established and regenerated. War, we may hope, is nearly obsolete—it has become largely a matter of mechanical skill and finance, modified by woman's prerogative to register shrill, effective expostulations against exposure and suffering. But there are perils and problems to be encountered still.

Let us banish distrust and eliminate pessimism—here in the golden heart of the continent must be the nurturing home of Hope; amid the amplitude and prodigality of this fresh national life there is no room for hideous dolor and highly oxygenated phases of despair.

The gifted charlatan whose view is bounded by the roofs of his little college town on the country's Eastern water-front is too much in evidence in that region. He is profoundly convinced that laws can be framed and constitutions interpreted only by a small circle of Latin experts with impaired digestion. He is shelled

in a dwarfing, withering isolation. He is still content to pose as a European lay figure, and has only the faintest conception of the real spirit, functions and resources of the Republic. He will profit by a patient search for the star of empire.

Here in the breezy and buoyant new Northwest; on her teeming and boundless prairies; by the banks of her amazing rivers; in the midst of her million-acred harvests—here can the fullest inspiration of our national magnificence be caught and assimilated. This favored region of which Franklin never heard and which Lincoln but dimly discerned, is the nursery of high impulse, tireless activity and unconquerable trust.

Here is the New England of to-morrow, the Yankee land of the twentieth century! New York may cultivate snobs and interbreed social degenerates to the limit; Boston provincialism may gnaw a file and mumble well-modulated sneers through broken teeth —Minneapolis will be the modern Athens; the ultimate American metropolis may rise and reign resplendent on the shores of Puget Sound. Six States of the upper Mississippi valley, lying between the great lakes and the foot hills have all pre-requisites of exuberant soil, healthful climate, vigorous physical and intellectual races, to build up the model commonwealths of this free empire and develop the dominating population of the contient. He conquers in peace and war who fights with the North wind at his back. Favorable climatic conditions will here mould a mixture of the globe's premier races into an all-conquering combination of strength, intelligence and energy.

The New England of the past is stamped on all the elements of our progress. Its six craggy, sterile, noble States have sent their sons and daughters, their laws, their piety, their tracts, prints, codfish, and college yells into the remotest corners of the Union and left them there as abiding, welcome institutions. The New England of the future with broader gauge and

larger resource will continue in unstinted flow the necessary output of strenuous, aggressive, average Americans.

Franklin, born in Massachusetts was the original, characteristic, legitimate Yankee; Lincoln, born near the Ohio river was reviled and lampooned as the Yankee President. The term carries no stigma now and the sons of the new Northwest will wear it as their patent of nobility. Until art has learned to gild refined gold or tint the rose, or suggest new touches of beauty for our star-flowered flag, etymology will vainly seek a more welcome designation.

We may confidently leave America of the twentieth century in the hands of her average citizens. When a crisis comes, from their ranks will step out the Typical American, with an equipment we can but darkly imagine, to face the responsibilities we cannot possibly foresee. Beyond that we seek not to penetrate the veil. Perhaps the onrolling ages will shrivel our annals to a dot on history's page; fresher splendors may throw our epoch into blank, unbroken shadow; Saxon speech may linger only on the tongues of learned and listless aliens—even then the names of Franklin and Lincoln will survive, to make luminous the centuries which gave them birth and preserve the traditions of popular freedom in the majesty of their consecrated character.

We read in the legends of Scotland that when Robert Bruce passed away, his heart was preserved in a golden urn, which was carried as a standard in the van of her marching hosts. When the focus of a battle was reached the standard was advanced and the charging clansmen lifted their thrilling war cry: "Lead on, great heart of Bruce,—we come, we come!"

In the gladder, grander days that lie before us, whether the conflict be in war or peace, the conquering battalions of ultimate America will in like manner invoke inspiration of their thronging pantheon of heroes: "Lead on, exalted spirit of Washington

and Greene and Putnam; lead on sacred memory of Grant and Sherman and Stanton and Logan; lead on priceless example of Lawton and Dewey and Davis and McKinley—Lead on great brain of Franklin—Lead on great soul of Lincoln—We come! We come! We come!"

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